



The South and West Wilts Hounds at Codford

That good sportsman, Mr T. K. Harding, of Ashton Gifford House, never allows hounds to meet near his residence without giving the members of the hunt a most hospitable welcome, and on Wednesday, the 20th inst., there was no exception to the rule. A lovely morning had attracted a very big field of ladies and sportsmen – that is to say, for this side of the country – some fifty going in to breakfast, whilst many ladies were present on foot from the neighbourhood. Drawing the withy beds up the river to Upton Lovell without finding, we trotted back to a piece of turnips on the farm of the late Mr Melsome, of Stockton, where we found a fine fox, which lost but little time in making marks. Settling on the line they ran very fast to Great Ridge, where in that big woodland, all was quickly over, as they could not hunt a yard on the dead leaves. Finding again, with no better fortune in the way of scent, Captain Holme at last decided to try Stockton Wood, taking High Trees *en route*. This snug covert and the adjoining one being tenantless, we got on to the horses, beyond which quickly a brace more were on the move. Whilst making their way to the lower end, the horse of Mr J. D. Willis, of Bapton, either crossing his legs or putting a foot in a rabbit hole on the slope of the down, gave him a rattling fall, as bad luck would have it, splintering the shoulder blade and getting a severe shaking, which will keep him for some time out of the saddle. In Stockton Wood, whither our foxes betook themselves, we could do nothing, scent being simply *nil*, and after drawing the horses towards Stockton village, we gave up about four o'clock. H.S.M.

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